

DWIGHT'S Journal of Music.

A Paper of Art and Literature.

VOL. V.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1854.

NO. 19.

Dwight's Journal of Music,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS { BY MAIL, \$2 PER ANNUM, } IN ADVANCE.
" CARRIER, \$2.50 "

ITS CONTENTS relate mainly to the Art of Music, but with glances at the whole World of Art and of Polite Literature; including, from time to time,—1. Critical Reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely Analyses of the notable Works performed, accounts of their Composers, &c. 2. Notices of New Music published at home and abroad. 3. A Summary of the significant Musical News from all parts; gathered from English, German, French, as well as American papers. 4. Correspondence from musical persons and places. 5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on Musical Education; on Music in its Moral Social, and Religious bearings; on Music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Chamber, and the Street, &c. 6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art. 7. Occasional Notices of Sculpture, Painting, Architecture, Poetry, Esthetic Books, the Drama, &c.—8. Original and Selected Poems, short Tales, Anecdotes, &c.—Back numbers, from the commencement, can be furnished. Also bound copies of the first two years.

Postage, if paid in advance, for any distance within the State, thirteen cents a year; if not in advance, twenty-six cents. To all places beyond the State, double these rates.

J. S. DWIGHT,.....EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St.

By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington Street.

Geo. P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row.

A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I.

DEXTER & BROTHERS, 43 Ann Street, N. Y.

SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 722 Broadway, N. Y.

GEORGE DUTTON, JR., Rochester, N. Y.

G. ANDRE, 229 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MILLER & BEACHAM, 181 Baltimore St., Balt.

COLBURN & FIELD, Cincinnati, O.

HOLBROOK & LONG, Cleveland, O.

JOHN H. MELLOR, Pittsburgh, Pa.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING.

For half a square, (8 lines,) or less, first insertion, . . . \$0.50
each additional inser. . . 25
For a square, (16 lines,) first insertion, . . . 1.00
each additional insertion, . . . 50

On advertisements standing three months or longer, a discount of twenty per cent. on the above rates is allowed.
Payments required in advance: for yearly advertisements, quarterly in advance.

Grisi and Mario.

The expected arrival of these world renowned singers, makes us all desirous to know somewhat of their antecedents; and to gratify this curiosity we have collected the following extracts. The difficulties attending the preparation of contemporary biography are very considerable, more so than any one would imagine who had not made the attempt to write a sketch of the life of a celebrated person still living. The *Home Journal* gives us the account of Grisi; and that of Mario (whose name we do not find in "Moore's Ency-

clopædia,") we have translated from a French account written near the time of his debut in Paris. It is somewhat *French* in its style, but we suppose may be sufficiently reliable for our purpose.

GIULIA GRISI.

She was born at Milan, in the year 1816,* and must, consequently, at the present moment, be some thirty-six years of age. She has, therefore, scarcely stepped beyond her prime, as a great and leading vocalist. Coming from a strictly musical family—for Grassini, the lyrical tragedian, was her aunt, and Giuditta Grisi, the *prima donna* at London in 1832 or 1833, was her sister—it would almost seem that melody was her natural inheritance. At all events, while she was very young, the composer, Marliani, was so struck by her talent for music, that he offered to lend it his assistance, and to cultivate it for the operatic stage.

This offer was accepted by her friends, and so rapid was her progress under his tuition, that when she was yet no more than seventeen years old, she made her *début* upon the lyric scene. This was in the Theatre of La Scala at Milan.

The rôle in which she first appealed to critical judgment, was that of *Adalgisa*, the great Pasta supporting the part of *Norma*. It will, of course, be unnecessary to say that it was in Bellini's opera of the same name.

Nothing could well have been more decided than her success. Immediately after the termination of Pasta's engagement, she was given the leading characters to support, and these were so triumphantly embodied by her, that in the year following she was offered an engagement and induced to appear in Paris, where she first became known to the musical world of Western Europe. This was in 1834, while she was still under the tuition of Marliani. Her beauty, for she was then very lovely, combined with her superb voice in insuring her a flattering reception in the part of *Elcira*, in Bellini's "*Puritani*." When the curtain fell upon her, she had made a most brilliant success. Her pure and fresh Italian style, her most exquisite voice, with its finished vocalism, and the innocent gayety which she at times displayed, combined, with the deep and passionate feeling which she threw into the more serious portions of the opera, in rendering her in every respect the most promising *artiste* then upon the Italian stage.

Nor, should it be remembered, in those days, had she to contend with rivals who did not demand a high degree of genius to cope with them. There were then giants and giantesses, who stood upon, and moved athwart the lyric scene. The

* According to Moore's *Encyclopædia*, she was born on the 20th of July, 1811. (Fétis, however, places her birth in 1812.) According to the same authority she married in 1836, a very wealthy Frenchman by the name of August Giraud de Meley, still retaining the name of Grisi. She is now, we believe, the wife of the no less celebrated Mario.

marvellous Rubini, Tamburini, and the voice of thunder, the prodigious Lablache, held the Parisian and English operatic stage as their own, by right of conquest. Pasta still trod upon it, gigantic in her excellencies as she was huge in her defects. Sontag was bewitching London and crazing Paris, or had been doing so, with her delicate vocalism; and Malibran, who was, perhaps, the greatest singer that ever lived, was in the full flood of her wide-spread and marvellous reputation. Yet, in spite of this, in the following year Grisi was called to London, and, at the age of nineteen, had confirmed her reputation as one of the greatest of living vocalists.

Indeed, her tragic genius has stamped her as the first of living artists, after the death of Malibran. Only one other has ever threatened her supremacy. Need we say that this was Jenny Lind.

Novelty, combined with the undoubted comic genius of this great vocalist, made her in the year when she first appeared in London, the leading star. It was only when she laid a daring hand upon the hem of Giulia Grisi's mantle, that it was recognised she had a superior. Need we say that this was when she ventured to touch the opera of "*Norma*." From that moment the legitimate supremacy of Grisi was restored to her from whom it had only momentarily been taken by the popular love of novelty, and she was universally acknowledged to be the greatest of living vocalists. We must, however, do justice to the French. Fickle as they are, they have never wavered in their allegiance, or ceased to consider her, at once the legitimate inheritor both of Pasta and Malibran.

MARIO.

"One fine summer evening, after a farewell supper, a young officer of *chasseurs*, surrounded by his friends, was singing, without much method, but with a pure voice and instinctive good taste, some of the most popular airs of the principal Italian operas. For one of them he sang the cavatina of *Anna Bolena*, for another an air from *I Puritani*, to each one of them, in short, his favorite theme, the melody he most preferred; the singer surrendering himself with extreme good nature to the desires of his friends, till the lateness of the hour obliged the guests to separate. On the following day, the complaisant tenor was on his way to Paris. This officer, who so often had delighted the leisure hours of the *corps de garde* by his songs, and who with such prodigal facility dispensed the treasures of his voice, was M. MARIO DE CANDIA, who afterwards made his debut at the opera with such eclat.

"M. Mario de Candia was born at Cagliari in 1816, of a noble Piedmontese family; his father, a general of some note, filled a high and honorable position at the Court of Turin, and several

times had been sent as Governor to Genoa and Nice. Under such auspices, it seemed that the son also should pursue a military career, and it surely might be presumed that, if he ever should attain any success, any reputation, it would be at the head of a regiment. Mario was sent to the Royal Academy of Turin, among the noble pages of the King, where he received at the same time the education of a soldier and of an artist; after the serious lessons in mathematics, came the professors of singing, of drawing, and of fencing, (which last he then much preferred;) and at last with the commission of lieutenant of *chasseurs*, he left the school, a very mediocre musician, but a very good officer, which then seemed by far the most important.

"Up to this time, Mario had taken little pains with his voice, singing as he pleased, sometimes in the open air, sometimes in an atmosphere thick with tobacco smoke, incurring the risk of fatiguing it or of altering the quality. But when he came to his regiment, the purity of this fine organ astonished all his comrades, and while profiting by the enjoyment of this admirable voice, they thought that, with such qualities, the young lieutenant could do much better than mount guard, appear on parade, smoke and lounge away the rest of the day in those common-place occupations of a garrison, which are the same every where, even under the fine sky of Italy.

"Without anticipating to what their advice would lead him, his friends advised him to devote himself to the study of singing, and Mario, whose voice every day developed new powers, gladly received counsels which were more and more congenial to his new vocation.

"After several journeys, when he had left Nice, he came to Paris, and was heard at some private soirées; and from this time, the future had no uncertainty for him, and people already predicted the day when he would be ranked among the first artists. The directors of the opera eagerly seized the opportunity of associating in its fortunes this new element of success; the departure of Nourrit was decided, and it was uncertain what reception the singer who should succeed him, would receive. Finally, even Duprez, whatever his talent might have been, was unable to stand against unjust prejudices and certain antipathies of which he was the object. Honorable proposals were then made to Mario, which, after long hesitation, he accepted, and thenceforward abandoned his military career, preferring, doubtless, the exciting life of the stage, so full of burning emotions, of dazzling successes, to the lazy existence of the soldier, from which peace takes at the same time all hope of danger and of glory.

"At this time his musical education really commenced. For nine months he studied assiduously, surmounting with patience the obstacles which were presented to him by an excessive timidity, and the Italian accent which his pronunciation gave to French words. M. Michelot was charged with his education as an artist, and Bordogni and Ponchard directed his musical studies. The first trained this beautiful voice to all those delicacies of vocalization, to that precision and taste which double the talent of the singer; the latter took especial pains in developing the dramatic intelligence of his pupil, and in imparting that life-like expression which enhances the effects of passion while guiding its movements.

"The task of the two skilful professors was an easy one, and the happy organization of Mario seconded their counsels to admiration; but very many attempts, many trials were necessary to overcome that distrust of himself which silenced him at the very moment when he should be heard, no matter how indulgent might be the judges. He was no longer the bold, indefatigable singer, attacking the most difficult airs without giving himself too great anxiety about some doubtful intonation, or some trill heavily given or some tone ill sustained. As soon as he knew the rigorous laws of song, he hesitated at every measure, at every note, and in order to accustom him to the presence of the public, it was necessary to increase gradually the number of his hearers from the day when he took his first lesson up to that when he appeared before that agitated, difficult, noisy and capricious crowd that is called the *public* of the opera.

"In the midst of this education, a serious accident occurred, which suspended the studies of Mario. His voice, with which he had trifled so often, which had overcome, without injury, the noisy clamor of the mess table, which neither sea breezes, nor the acrid fumes of tobacco had injured—his voice suddenly grew weak under the labors to which he had devoted himself. A disease in the throat suspended all the hopes that had been placed in the young tenor, and retarded his *debut*. The repeated delays in the appearance of M. Mario on the stage of the opera, had even brought his existence into some doubt, notwithstanding the frequent bulletins that the managers sent to the public journals to state the progress of his convalescence. The sickness of Mario gave reason to fear that he would entirely lose his voice, and nothing but long repose and multiplied precautions, finally restored all its freshness and compass.

"At last, after a year of persevering study, after two decisive trials before a public of artists, at a brilliant soirée given by M. Veron, and at a general rehearsal, the day of his debut was fixed. *Robert le Diable*, which had not been sung since the departure of Nourrit, was chosen for this important night, and in spite of the solicitations of his family, and the representations which, it is said, even the King of Sardinia caused to be made to him, M. Candia, believing that he derogated nothing from his name by enrolling it in this new connection, appeared on the first of December on the stage of the opera.

"At seven o'clock in the evening, this whole world of illustrious artists, distinguished writers, and all those celebrities, whose glory, although confined to the precincts of certain saloons, is none the less brilliant; celebrated for grace, for beauty, for power, for wealth; all those eminent judges, in short, who assemble at all important representations, filled the theatre of the Opera. The murmur of conversation which precedes the rising of the curtain gradually died out during the first measures of the introduction, and soon after the first chorus, all eyes were fixed upon a young man of charming figure and elegant carriage, who advanced timidly. It was MARIO; he hesitated for a moment in the presence of this brilliant assembly, glittering with diamonds, glowing with flowers, composed of all that Parisian Society holds most distinguished, and which it had assembled to judge him. But the warm applause which greeted the *Sicilienne* of the first

act completely reassured him, and so soon as his voice was heard, so fresh and pure, so full of sweetness, his success was no longer doubtful. In the third act, which was especially adapted to his powers, he repeatedly received the unanimous applause of the audience; and although sometimes wanting in energy in the celebrated trio of the fifth act, was called to the foot lights after the fall of the curtain, and multiplied bravos tumultuously proclaimed his triumph.

"Now that M. Mario has been often heard we can form a certain judgment upon his talent and the future that lies before him. His voice has already a great compass and its volume will be still more increased by the development of his head voice which is supplied by the higher tones of the chest voice, and by those intermediate notes which serve for transitions to the different regions of the human voice, and by the aid of which M. Mario produces most charming effects. His voice, as we have said, has a freshness, a youth, which softly puts the mind at rest, and if the fire and energy of passion do not seem to be among its dominant qualities, it possessed an accent of love and of penetrating tenderness which will produce the most lively emotion when Art shall have given to M. Mario more confidence and force."

Such is the history of the earlier part of the career of MARIO. From that time to the present day, as our readers know, it is made up of an uninterrupted series of triumphs and successes, and he now holds, without a rival, the position of the first tenor of our time. What he has done and where he has been, our readers know, for his movements are recorded from day to day in the popular journals of the times. With undiminished power, and a reputation which has not passed its zenith, he now comes to America.

Donizetti.

Donizetti is the subject of a late letter from Paris to the Boston Atlas, which refers to the production of a posthumous opera of his, founded on the "Exiles of Siberia." The writer goes on to give some further account of the last works and days of this popular composer, which were not embraced in the sketch of his life published in a former number of the Journal of Music.

In 1835 he came to Paris, where he wrote *Marino Faliero*, which was received rather coldly; he returned to Naples and composed his immortal work,—what a *chef-d'œuvre* it is!—*Lucia di Lammermoor*; which has been played with the same inexhaustible success in every country of the civilized world. As long as there are voices to utter these accents of a heart consumed by love, *Lucia* will excite boundless admiration. He returned to Paris in 1840, and in a year gave *Les Martyrs*, *La Fille du Regiment*, and *La Favorite*. You know the fate of *La Fille du Regiment*, until Mlle. Jenny Lind took it up. It was deemed a failure; and had been quietly laid on the shelf of the archives closet! After various excursions to Rome, Vienna, and Milan, Donizetti returned to Paris in 1843, when he wrote for the Grand Opera *Don Sebastian de Portugal*, which was coldly received here from this circumstance: the Duke of Orleans had just been killed when the opera was produced; in the second act there is the burial of a king by torchlight, which produced the most disastrous effect on the audience, who had just returned from the funeral of the Duke of Orleans. Its success every where else was very great. In the same year he wrote *Don Pasquale* in Paris, and *Maria di Rohan* at Vienn; I need not mention their success, which continues as unabated as ever. Donizetti's suc-

ness is a new instance of the wonderful results which the alliance of consummate science and imagination may produce. He was not only familiar with the *chefs d'œuvres* of the great Italian and foreign masters, but he had closely studied all the instrumental works of the French and the German schools. His erudition, however, never once burdened the flights of his imagination. His prolificness has never been equalled; more than once at rehearsals of full orchestra, he has completely changed passages that were not agreeable to him, and written over again cavatinas, duos, and finales. Whenever a "book" struck him, he wrote the music for it with a sort of frenzy, without stopping a moment; he composed in this manner *La Fille du Regiment* in a week, and *Don Pasquale* in seventeen days. Donizetti was both a poet and a musician; he wrote the "book" and the score of *La Fille du Regiment*, and *Don Pasquale*. His talents were as supple as they were prolific; he is the only composer since Rossini, who has understood, and clearly exhibited on the stage, the buffo and the serious styles. His genius seemed as inexhaustible as some perennial spring, and yet

Let me now trace the sombre side of his life. He too was another victim to what I have called the disease of Paris—softening of the brain. This wonderful genius soon grew mute, and expired a driveller. His friends attribute this sudden alteration of his faculties, to the annoyances M. Leon Pillet, then manager of the Grand Opera, plagued him withal, during the rehearsals of *Don Sebastien*. M. Pillet insisted continually upon changes in the situation and in the music; Donizetti made them, but with great regret. At the last rehearsal, however, his discontent could be no longer controlled—in the fifth act, Barroillet sang under a charming barcarolle "*Pecheur de la rive*;" the first strophe was received with involuntary bravos by the orchestra, and the second, with even greater enthusiasm; M. Pillet insisted upon his obliterating this second strophe; Donizetti grew angry, and he left the opera house without making a reply. A friend who accompanied him, remarked that shortly after he left the opera his head fell down on his breast, his eyes grew dim, his limbs trembled—from that moment his situation rapidly became worse; the critics were severe on *Don Sebastien*, and their harshness stung him to the quick. In a short time, they had to carry him to a private mad house near Paris; according to his desire he was carried to Bergamo, his native city; he reached there in April 1848.

The Italians had just won a great victory over the Austrians at Goito; it was celebrated with Italian enthusiasm at Bergamo; the population poured into the streets, cheers were raised continually, the cannon pealed, the bells chimed carols. Hearing all this noise, Donizetti's reason seemed to return to him again; he raised himself up in his bed, murmured: "Country! Freed!" and fell back a corpse.

His posthumous opera, which the Theatre Lyrique is now playing, is in every respect worthy of him, and is nightly received with a good deal of enthusiasm.

[From the New York Musical Review.]

Music at the Five Points.

"Misery makes one acquainted with queer bed-fellows," it is said; so, too, do labors of benevolence and humanity. "Gentility among Congressmen," "frankness among diplomatists," and "brotherly-love on Wall street," would sound hardly more incongruous than "music at the Five Points!" Yet, angel-like, it descends to depths of degradation as low as this, and breathes of purity and love where hate and corruption have so long held sway. Such seemed to us its mission when, a few evenings since, we attended a kind of free concert at the Five-Points, given by the children of the House of Industry, under the direction of W. C. Van Meter. The boys and girls who took part in these performances numbered eighty, perhaps, and varied in age from four to fourteen years. They sang with a precision and expression that would do credit to

children educated in circles of refinement. It is not, however, with a view of criticising that we refer to it, but rather to call attention to the benign influence that music is exerting in this degraded locality. The concert was given on the first floor, and, the doors and windows being open, what a motley crowd did the singing attract! Beside the inmates of the House of Industry, and a few from the upper stratum of society, who, like ourselves, probably went to see what a concert at the Five-Points was like, there were representatives from almost every nation under heaven, differing in language, complexion, talent, and early association; agreeing only in their squalor and degradation. Here were ragged men from the "vine-clad banks of the Rhine," with dubious cloth caps, like shovelfuls of mud stuck on their heads, and falling down behind or on one side; bare-footed women, bloated by intemperance or emaciated by want, who, in the days of girlhood, gaily poised upon their heads the burden of a Bordeaux or Appennine vintage, or echoed the *Ranz des Vaches* amid the Alps; and forsaken boys and girls, with strong Irish accent, who, like Jo, in "Bleak House," live in "Tom-all-alone" alleys, or sleep in carts and coal-boxes. Slyly they sidle in at the door and, with a hang-dog air, creep to seats while the children sing of that heavenly whisper, "Come to me," till the room is full; and then they gather about the doors and windows, listening with hushed breath and with the queerest admixture of expression upon their faces that we ever beheld in a concert audience before. What a study it would have been for a painter! "Merrily, merrily sound the strain" falls upon the ears of the adults like a bitter mockery. It seems a ray of hope, but only a ray intercepted by a back-ground of despair, which envelops the soul like a pall, and prevents the ignition of even a tinder of self-respect. Gone are the happy dreams of childhood—dreams of innocence and bliss. Gone are the hopes of early years—the aspirations of youth—manhood's high resolves. Gone, all gone, and crime, degradation, and public opinion coil about them in triple folds to hiss in their ears that terrible word—"for ever!" But not so with the children. Some of them, it is true, are familiar with the Tombs, Blackwell's Island, and the House of Correction, but many are at heart uncontaminated by positive crime, and none have gone so far on the road to ruin but that the song, "I want to be an angel," awakens in their minds visions of purity, and inspires their hearts with a hope of goodness. What wonder then that their besmeared faces are illumed with joy as they listen to the neatly-dressed minstrels who a few weeks since were as low in the scale of human being as themselves? Is there not hope too for them? May they not too rise to morality, intelligence, and respectability? Thus does the music to which they listen become to them, like Noah's dove, a harbinger of better things. It assures them that the waves of desolation against which they are struggling are beginning to abate, and that green, sunny spots are making their appearance upon which they, in common with the more favored portions of mankind, may reap the fruits of virtue and intelligence. They catch the melodies sung, associated as they are with words of truth and religion; and almost any evening, as if by a happy infection, these poor outcast children of the Five-Points not belonging to the House of Industry may be seen marching in front of grog-shops and dens of infamy, singing "I'll not give up the Bible," "I want to be an angel," etc., etc. Who does not see that music is thus exerting a powerful influence for the redemption of this district of vice and crime? Like the bird that carries to the desolate wilderness seeds of fruits and flowers till it blossoms like an Eden, so does music become the messenger of religion, purity, and intelligence. If, therefore, instead of a chapel holding three or four hundred persons, the House of Industry, or some similar institution, were provided with one accommodating one thousand or fifteen hundred, what a powerful auxiliary free concerts might become, in connection with the other agencies employed, for the redemption of the Five-Points!

[From the London Musical World.]

Music in Universities.

The University System is undergoing one of those siftings and rummagings which Parliament periodically takes into its head to bestow on the antiquities of the land; the ostensible purpose being to render the "seats of learning" more practically available to the mass of the people,—the real motive, perhaps, going meanwhile a shade deeper. * * * Is it not possible, then, that our own Art may be fortunate enough to get some step in the general promotions of things real and practical? We know the question is surrounded with difficulties. It is in vain, for instance, to expect any government assistance; never under a semi-democratic constitution, such as ours, will the State trouble itself about imaginative arts—least of all about music. It will see after the health and, perhaps, morals of the people. It will do its best to provide them fresh air, clean water, decent lodgings, and Battersea schoolmasters; but if they want fiddlers they must find them, and pay them themselves. Whatever aid, then, the universities can contribute to advance the study of music, must be voluntarily on their part. Truly enough the "seats of learning" have, for centuries past, professed to teach music. They have, at least nominally, included it in their academical course. They have formally appointed professors, and, as formally, conferred degrees. But the system, as it now exists, has no vitality. Since the days of the madrigalists, when a "knowledge of music and singing at sight" formed part of every English gentleman's education, study of the subject has gradually dwindled down to mere liking and fashion. It has now become a mere matter of amusement, and even as such, we suspect, takes but minor rank in competition with the pipe, the bottle, and the boat. We much doubt, for instance, the success of such an announcement as that "the professor of music will commence a course of lectures on the higher branches of the art." To make such a thing popular—to make it pay, in short—we much doubt whether the only prudent course open to the professor aforesaid would not be to promise, *en suite*, a "complete exposition of the art of double-tonguing, as applied to the cornet-à-piston." So entirely, indeed, has music fallen out of serious consideration at the Universities, that the professorships, while retaining their legal privilege, carry with them no social importance save what is conferred by the personal qualities of the holders. Thus we find such men as Walmisley at Cambridge and Blythe and Corfe at Oxford, plucking up resolution to toil through the wilds of Xenophon and algebra up to the degree of M. A.;—and in this very act of praiseworthy and voluntary labor confessing that, highly-sounding to outsiders as may be the titles, "professors of music," and "Mus. Doc.," they, in reality, give their holders no desirable amount of *status* in the Universities. But surely, this condition of things might be improved. Surely, with a just recognition of the claims of a beautiful art, on the side of the Universities, and—what would certainly follow—a course of energetic action on the part of the Professors, music would make herself known as the great and useful, as well as the mere finical and ornamental. To say nothing of the spread of true taste and the principles which form it, musical lectures at Oxford and Cambridge would be of infinite benefit to that large class of men constantly in course of education for the church. The clergy at present have a special craving for musical knowledge. They perceive its use in the public duties of their calling. They know their own deficiency in it, and failing its acquisition in those schools where they have been otherwise educated, very naturally fall into the hands of quacks. University lectures would be of infinite service to music, and church-music pre-eminently, if they went but the length of purging the clerical mind of that reverence for Ambrosian and Gregorian barbarisms with which—whether for purely musical purposes or otherwise—it has latterly been so sedulously indoctrinated. On this point, the functions of the University Professors have been usurped by a set of men who, calling themselves "priests," appear to

infer from their title a consciousness of authority to teach. And they do teach. Without anything beyond the merest alphabetical knowledge without taste, without power, either creative or appreciative, they have contrived to persuade a host of men, who must always possess influence from their position, that the perfection of church music is only to be found in the monotonous "plain song" of a period when art could not yet be said to exist and musical sound itself was but dimly struggling for utterance amidst the first uncoouth attempts to form an intelligible scale. Fortified with knowledge of their subject, and armed with authority to speak, what might not the University professors do in this behalf—especially against such antagonists! At least, they could show that art was ever progressive; that neither pope, nor priest, nor king, had power to decree its limit or fitness, that the most beautiful was, is, and shall be the best offering of the creature to his Creator; and finally, perhaps, might be able to gently insinuate a key to the whole mystery of the Gregorian position, by suggesting that such vagabonds as Purcell and Croft—to say nothing of the archer heretics, Bach and Handel—had the misfortune to be born after the Lutheran Reformation.

The other university function with respect to music—the conferring of degrees—has difficulties peculiar to itself. Where the exact sciences are concerned, it is easy to determine with certainty a man's capacity. His qualities must be either affirmative or negative. The results of this work must come out either right or wrong. Mere catechetical accuracy carried to the limit of an examination-paper, will place him Senior Wrangler of his term. Even if he go beyond this; if he add invention to scholarship; if he be another Newton, or Laplace, or Adams, he need dread no criticism on his novelties. His discoveries must be susceptible of demonstration. If right, he is capable of so proving himself. There is no room for difference of taste or opinion. But the case is widely different with the imaginative arts, and with music probably more so than with any other. Who is to say of a composer that he is right or wrong, beyond the limits of the mere grammar of his art? Who will venture to provide some infallible mode of proof whereby his inventions may be adopted or rejected, not only for to-day but forever? A candidate for university honors in music may be shown to spell his harmonies correctly, to commit no absurdities in modulation and to write good counterpoint. But beyond these,—and just, indeed, at the commencement of those qualities which only can define a musician's place in the world,—everything must depend on the taste, liberality, and enlightened feeling of his judge. In such a case genius itself may happen to appeal to a tribunal utterly insensible of its charms. We can imagine that fifty years since, Beethoven would have stood a good chance of being "plucked" at either Oxford or Cambridge. To these difficulties there can be no solution, save what may be found in the appointment of only the highest class of men to the professorships; and we willingly concede that, at both Universities, the duties of examination are now more zealously and ably performed than at any former period. Yet, considering the mint stamp thus set on a man—considering the mysterious importance, in many people's eyes, of the syllables "Mus. Doc." we cannot help regretting that the tests applied are not of wider range and more searching difficulty. If University distinction is to carry with it any speciality of rank and influence in the world of art, every possible precaution should be taken against the chance of its frivolous or unworthy bestowal.

ANECDOTE OF ALBONI.—The character of Alboni is a compound of winning frankness and strange caprice. She has often been compared to a German student, having all the *sang froid* and courage usually attributed to that class. An amusing incident occurred during her stay at Trieste. Having heard on the day of her arrival that a cabal against her was being organized, she wended her way to the *estaminet* and mingled amongst the conspirators—her short locks, full figure, and *dégage* air, rendering it difficult to

divine her sex. "I am a stranger," said Alboni, addressing herself to the Brutus of the cabal, "but if there's fun on hand, count on me." "Agreed," was the reply; "we are preparing to hiss down a cantatrice this evening." "What has she done—anything wicked?" "We know nothing about her, except that she comes from Rome, and we wish to have no fingers here of whose reputation we are not the creators." "That appears to me fair enough. Now, as to the part I am to take in the affair?" "Take this whistle; each of us carries a similar one. At a signal which will be given after the air of 'Rosina,' in the 'Barber of Seville,' you have but to add to the tempest which will be raised." "I comprehend," said Alboni, and faithful to her disguise, she received from the hand of her dupe a pretty black whistle attached to a red ribbon. That night the theatre bent under the weight of spectators. At the rising of the curtain, 'Alma-viva' and 'Figaro,' two favorites, were listened to with attention; but when 'Rosina' appeared in the scene in which she addressed the zealous tutor, a half dozen whistles sounded their shrill notes through the house, unmindful of the signal to be given by the leaders of the cabal. Alboni advanced to the foot-lights, and displayed the whistle suspended round her neck. "Gentlemen," said she, with a smile, "We must not hiss me, but the cavatina; you have commenced too soon." There was a moment of silence; then thunders of applause rang through the house. The cantatrice was that night recalled eleven times amidst showers of bouquets. "I had no idea that you was aware of this cabal!" said the director after the performance, as he kissed her hand. "My dear *impresario*," replied she, "it is here as in politics;—you must conduct the movement, or else be swept away."—*Court Journal*.

HOT NOON.

BY FREDERIC TENNYSON.

The winds are hushed, the clouds have ceased to sail,
And lie like islands in the Ocean-day,
The flowers hang down their heads, and far away
A faint bell tinkles in a sun-drowned vale;
No voice but the cicada's whirring note—
No motion but the grasshoppers that leap—
The reaper pours into his burning throat
The last drops of his flask, and falls asleep.
The rippling flood of a clear mountain stream
Fleets by, and makes sweet babble with the stones;
The sleepy music with its murmuring tones
Lays me at noontime in Arcadian dream;
Hard by soft night of summer bowers is seen,
With trellis and vintage curtaining a cove
Whose diamond mirror paints the amber-green,
The glooming bunches and the boughs above.
Finches, and moths, and gold dropt dragon flies
Dip in their wings, and a young village daughter
Is bending with her pitcher o'er the water;
Her round arm imaged, and her laughing eyes,
And the fair brow amid the flowing hair,
Look like the Nymphs for Hylas' coming up,
Pictured among the leaves and fruitage there;
Or the boy's self a-drowning with his cup.
Up through the vines, her urn upon her head,
Her feet unsandalled, and her dark locks free,
She takes her way, a lovely thing to see,
And like a skylark starting from its bed,
A glancing meteor, or a tongue of flame,
Or virgin waters gushing from their springs,
Her hope flies up—her heart is pure of blame—
On wings of sound—she sings! O how she sings!

Music Abroad.

London.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Here *Otello* has been reproduced, with Mme. Viardot (Pauline Garcia) as Desdemona, and Lablache as Elmiro, but seems not to have excited any great enthusiasm. Subsequently, on one of Grisi's farewell nights, *Lucrezia Borgia* was given. *Ernani* was announced, but withdrawn on account of

the illness (not indisposition) of Mme. Bosio. Then *La Favorita*, with Grisi, Mario, Lablache and Bartolini, and this performance, says the *London Musical World*, was almost equal to any that has been given at the Royal Italian Opera.

On Friday morning a grand concert was announced, in which Mme. Grisi was to have made her last appearance in England at a concert. Visitors came from all parts of the country, and the theatre was crowded to suffocation. But the audience was fated to be disappointed. Upon entering the theatre an ominous poster was to be seen, stating that Mme. Grisi was ill and could not sing. But the programme was rich in names and *mercenaz*, a hope was entertained that amends would be made for a disappointment. Among other things, Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was to be given, and with Sig. Mario in the first tenor part. The concert did open with the *Stabat Mater*, but Sig. Mario did not appear when it came his turn to sing the 'Cujus Animam.' When he did come, more than half an hour later than he was expected, he was received very cordially, but at the end of the air, which he sang *mezzo voce*, there were some signs of dissatisfaction, with which the great tenor did not appear pleased. Enough to say, that Sig. Mario declined to appear again during the performance, and left the theatre; that the concert had to be curtailed, and all the pieces changed; and that Mr. Harris had to make five speeches, and could only establish order, after stating, that those who pleased might have their money returned. The entertainment was then allowed to proceed, but a great many had left the house.

ROYAL OPERA, DRURY LANE.—*Lucrezia Borgia*, *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, and *Lucia*, have been given here, the last alone creating any enthusiasm. *Masaniello* and the *Huguenots* announced, and withdrawn, and *Fra Diavolo* promised, with Mr. and Mrs. Sims Reeves as the Brigand and Zerlina.

OPERA COMIQUE.—Here Madame Marie Cabel wins golden opinions for her charms both as actress and singer. She has appeared in *La Fille du Regiment*, *La Sirène*, and *Les Diamants de la Couronne*.

CONCERTS AND MATINEES have been given by divers people of whom we never before heard. Among them, Mme. Oury, Mme. Nissen-Saloman, Mme. Dreyfus, Mlle. Louise Christine and Mme. Corinna de Luigi. The programmes present nothing of interest to our readers, and we therefore only record the names. Mrs. Morgan Clifford, (apparently a lady of fashion,) gave a *Soirée Musicale* at her residence, Belgrave Square, "to a large circle of her fashionable friends," under the direction of Dr. Wylde, where a choice selection of music was performed, the principal performers being Mlle. Clauss, Mme. Amadei and Herr Jansa.

Paris.

The past week has been of great importance to the Grand Opera. During the last season M. Roqueplan, the director, (like every other manager I ever heard of except Messrs. Barnum and Kimball,) found his difficulties increasing, and made a statement to the government that unless some aid should be afforded, he should be compelled to "call it half a day." The Emperor directed an examination to be made of the affairs, and a Board of seven Commissioners were appointed for that purpose by the late Secretary of State, M. de Persigny. M. Troplong, the President of the Senate, was the chief of this commission. The report of their proceedings has just been made public. They appear to have performed their work most thoroughly, and state that prompt action is necessary to save the Opera from the dissolution with which financial embarrassments threaten it. They attach no blame to any person for this state of things—but say that the whole history of the Opera, from the age of Louis XIV. to the present time, shows that it can never be made a profitable speculation. They speak of the Opera as a school of refinement and musical taste, and as no less an ornament to a great capital, than its Museums, Libraries, and Galleries of Art;—and deserving the aid of Government on the same principles that they do. They say that the State came to the assistance of the Theatre Française in its troubles, and should not now do less for the Lyric Muse than it did for the Tragic. Napoleon I. made a grant to the Opera of an annual subvention of 720,000 francs, which continued until the revolution of 1830. It was during this period that its highest perfection was attained, and the triumphs of Spontini, Gluck and Piccini, were achieved. After the revolution of 1830, the annual grant was very considerably reduced—but the Opera continued, sustained by the genius of Rossini, though already beginning to totter. The success of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* postponed, for a few years, the ruin which awaited it at the time when the Imperial Commissioners took it in hand. The report concludes by recommending, not an annual subvention, but the assumption by the Government of the entire concern, and of its future direction. The report has been accepted, and, on August 1st, the Grand Opera will open under Imperial management, M. Roqueplan being retained as director, according to

the recommendation of the Commissioners. This arrangement has everywhere met with the most unqualified approval, and the musical expectations of Paris are of a most enthusiastic nature.

As a Bostonian, I cannot but blush to read of such care for the amusement of the people, and contrast it with the municipal sagacity which cannot furnish the inhabitants of Boston with but four hours of martial music a week.—*Cor. Evening Gazette.*

The opera is to open on the 1st or 15th of this month, with *La Juive*, in which Mlle. Donati is to make her debut. Mme. Stolz is to reappear in *La Favorita* in the course of this month.

The new opera by Scribe and Gounod will be brought out early in September; and that of Scribe and Verdi, which is to be the great novelty of the season, will be put in rehearsal in September.

Tedesco has left Paris for Milan, on her way to Hamburg. She then returns to Paris, where she will remain until her departure for St. Petersburg.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 12, 1854.

Editorial Correspondence.

Golden Weather—Pleasant Route—Mountain Air—Waterfalls—Good Days—Books and Brooks—Glen Eden, (Garden of Delights)—Walden, or Life in the Woods.

NORTH CONWAY, N. H., Aug. 8, 1854.

Sun and moon, good stars and gentle influences have thus far smiled upon our absenteeism; and emboldened by continuance of these providential tokens, we accept another week's extension of our furlough. The weather, every hour of it, for the full fortnight since we took the cars for Portland, has been wonderfully fine. There never were such days for mountaineering. Clouds, if they come at all, come only for grateful shade, or for adornment of the land-and-sky-scape, and rich draping of the brawny mountain figures all around us. Rain and east wind have faded into dim traditions. And so have the muggy, steamy dog-days that made August's beauty tantalize us in our sweltering impotence for its enjoyment. This is another world from all that; we draw long breaths, with fresh and childlike gusto, under a new dispensation, a whole fortnight's millennium and eternity of pure exemption from the vulgar curse of "weather." The elements, with one consent, seem to have ruled that we should taste our fortnight's liberty in its integrity; dull weather should not rob us of one golden grain of it. Such goodness, then, such comfort still remained for a poor hacknied editor! Were he but inwardly attuned and sound and strong in every chord to answer opportunely to such glorious invitation!

The only rain that we have had, set out with us on that first morning, as if specially commissioned to sprinkle our railroad path before us, laying the dust, cooling the air, shading the eyes, and spreading a fresh miracle of greenness over the fields through which we flew, so that the first glimpse of Nature was a cordial and inspiring welcome out of the hot and feverish city. We blessed the rain. With gentle hand this sympathetic ministering nymph or goddess veiled the background, and brought out the nearer and minuter beauties into most appreciable light on either side of our swift course, each tree and flower touched up and glistening in its cleanest individuality. Fire-weeds and golden-rods, blue and purple asters and spiræas by the dry road-

sides; lilies, like floating silver stars or golden cups upon the ponds; bright cardinals, or (rarer and selecter blessings) the delicate, faint-perfumed purple-fringed orchises, amid the luxuriant verdure of the brook-courses,—flung friendliest, gleesome greeting as we passed. Each had something new to say, some word of wisdom, newly inspired, and yet old as the sublime and simple truths of God, which we forget, and sweet as the heavenliest memories of youth and youth's anticipations and aspirations. A separate appetite sprung within us, answering to each separate flower, and eagerly rejoicing in the frequent repetition of each kind along the route. The rain nymph that so kindly watered those fair plants for us, as kindly left us when we neared the mountain region and the White Mountain Station-House at Gorham. The air that then came to us from the western mountains was a positive luxury to breathe. This, more than all, made it a new world to prisoners of the city. If there be anything that has to do with health of mind and body more than all other outward causes put together, it is atmosphere. The air, the breath, was fitly made the type of the divine spirit, the all-animating. In pure air almost everything is wholesome, and excess repairs its own consumption. In bad air, what we do discourages, and what we eat agrees not with us; then the lightest food is lead upon the stomach, and the nectar of the gods but stupefies and poisons us. Man takes his best food through his lungs, and digests and appropriates it through his nervous system, where the material and the spiritual seem to intimately meet and blend. It is not merely heat or cold that makes the difference. Heat among the mountains is wholsomer than cold in cities. The thermometer does not measure the vital quality we speak of. It is not so much the temperature, as the *temperament* of the atmosphere and of the season which we sensitively look to. Who can be poet, saint, or genial companion in a Boston "east wind"? Who an imbecile complainer in this mountain air, though the thermometer should reach 100°?

At Gorham we spent a day, repaid with interest in good air, deliciously sweet brook trout, and raspberries with the true mountain flavor and redness, pleasant walks with peeps southward to Mt. Moriah and Mt. Carter and the sharp peak of Mt. Adams, an excursion to Berlin falls, and a most extempore shower-bath—we will not call it a rain, in the hot afternoon, when with no warning but a whistle and a rushing sound, a deluge of big drops swept almost horizontally down through the valley, and left all glistening in the sunshine again as it followed the windings of other vallies in the distance, as if kindly Aquarius had taken it in hand to water each in turn and with a will. This cooled our way again, as we set out in the mellow sunset, down through the wooded valley, with the Peabody river prattling beside us, and grand vistas of the White Mountains opening ever and anon through the woods, some nine miles to the hospitable Glen House. Here Washington and Jefferson and Adams rose high and solemn under the cool stars, from our very feet; the slender crescent of the new moon surprising us, as new moons always do, but this time, for a rarity, right over the shoulder of Mt. Washington. Two days about the Glen House were most richly spent. To those who had never ascended before, here was the point, and these the days, for the quickest ascent and clear views upon this "mon-

arch of (our) mountains,"—we suppose we must say president, however, instead of monarch. We rambled rather down the glen, having appeased that higher longing once before, and visited the Glen Ellis or "Pitcher" Falls, grand by their vast mountain surroundings; and, more difficult of access, up the stony bed of a stream from old Mt. Washington himself, the Crystal Falls, more shut in, but more beautiful, and scattering in pearly spray over the mossy rock wall, filling that solitude with music, and with a beauty sweet as the very smile of Heaven.

Down this valley road, through what is styled the Pinkham Notch, one of the most picturesque routes conceivable, perpetually down, sometimes by steep descents, but over a road which is now perfect compared with what it was two years ago, when we thought we were stumbling over the rough bed of a freshet, we came the next day into this broad and pleasant valley of North Conway, about whose charms we have already said if not enough, yet *words* enough. Here, as from a hospitable centre, you may climb a new mountain every day, or hunt for some new "Phantom Cascades" in the ravines, or go a trouting in the brooks, or watch the mowers in the meadows, or stretch yourself upon the grass there in the elm shade by the Saco, and read or let your fancies wander "at their own sweet will." Good days are good for all good occupations; whether for mountain rambles or for quiet in-door studies; whether for loud frolics, or for silent musings; for hunting or for sketching, for work or for play, for society or for solitude, for enterprise or for luxurious indolence. A good day declines equally well whether you take it in the active or the passive mood. This day, which is one of the clearest, breeziest, most exhilarating, most magnificent with sun and cloud, and fit preliminaries for a glorious sunset and moonlight evening, ever gathered into the golden sheaf of August, finds us at home here in the little chamber, that looks out upon the mountains, contentedly alone, watching the mountains and the clouds, or with spy-glass trying to trace the courses of our companions (including the best half of us) along the far sides of Kearsarge, the Mote Mountain, or lazily relishing a good book, or importuning the keys of the piano to interpret for us the new printed song of Robert Franz, or penning these poor lines to account for our absence to our readers.

Books are good for rainy days; but better for the brightest and best of days, provided you have already worked off your restlessness for one spell by some out-door enterprise. It has sweetened not a few odd hours in these summer rambles, to dally over some choice volumes, old and new, which we took in our trunk. In the secluded ravine, seated on the cool and mossy rocks, amid the babble of the brook's falls, where leafy shadows wave, or now add then the sun steals in to silver a ripple, or to gild some exquisite fern or moss, and all seems fairy-like, select, remote and wonderful, a book of poems opens with unwonted luminousness of beauty and of wisdom, and sings through the soul more musically for the hundredth time. Sweet sights and sweet sounds come and go. A fresh swell of the breeze, like nature's sigh of infinite contentment, thrills through every leaf. A bright bird flashes through the trees. Silently slipping out of the shade, some sheep cross the brook, and gaze at us with timid wonderment. O innocence! But the spell is broken

and the book closed, when glancing sideways, yet with eyes intent upon the page, we have met several times the curious, mocking eyes of maidens, that have stolen silent-footed to some rock seats further down the stream, as if to ask what business has the affected dreamer with a book here in the privacy of Nature, wooing visionary dryads, where we maidens bathe and braid our hair, and babble mortal gossip!

But stretched upon the meadow, or on grassy slope commanding a wide prospect, when the blue misty mountains whisper of the tantalizing *beyond*, and the pearly clouds sail statelily away with our thoughts, books about distant climes come apropos. Then one loves to feel that the near and the far are alike his. It is thus that here among the White Mountains, seeking coolness, we have read of Cuba and the tropic fervors. One of the most delightful books of the season truly is Mr. Hurlburt's *Gan Eden, or Pictures of Cuba*, recently issued by J. P. Jewett and Co. Not with the foul vulture eyes of filibustering, slavery-extending politicians has he looked and longed that way, and after visiting the island, described it to his countrymen in such tempting colors and with such chaste luxury and eloquence of style as flowed only from a mind as genial and a culture as refined and generous as his. A Southron by birth this author is no friend of the peculiar institution; an utter and indignant foe to slavery, he is courteous and tolerant to slaveholders, and discussed the subject freely, as with candid friends, among some of his princely Spanish and Creole entertainers. His chapters upon slavery in Cuba as compared with slavery in America, on the prospects of annexation (not flattering to filibusters), are instructive, clear and manly. His pictures of Cuban life bear every internal mark of clear insight and of truth. His reflections are often profound and original. Everything is tempered with a warm and largely sympathizing, largely believing humanity. The chapter on the Cuban poets and patriot martyrs is deeply interesting. A healthy, noble, earnest moral tone pervades the book, which nevertheless is not written chiefly from the earnest and didactic side, but rather from the "Lotus-eating," grateful memories of a reinvigorated invalid, a man of letters, who had studied many literatures and seen foreign countries, with a poet's eye and a most genial, life-loving temperament, and who sought for health the island where men never talk of "weather." In this sense he has made a most attractive and artistic book of it, and reproduced for us the *spirit* of the Cuban scenery and atmosphere and life, its dreams and its realities, with a remarkable success. It is both dainty and nutritious Lotus-eating. We hope our friends, whether they go on summer tours or stay at home, will read it.

For indoor reading, in the interims of physical fatigue and the lull of social excitement, say, for a few minutes after the evening company have dispersed and left us to our thoughts which will not sleep without some soothing efficacy of thoughts printed and impersonal, we have another book:—kindly placed in our hands upon the eve of starting on our journey, and with a delicate instinct of what was fitting, by our friend Fields, the poet partner in the firm of Ticknor and Co., the publishers,—a copy in advance of publication. In such hours one retires from Nature only to live her over in dreams and by what-

ever rush-light of his own reflections; and for such hours no truer friend and text book have we ever found than this wonderful new book called *Walden, or Life in the Woods*, by Henry D. Thoreau, the young Concord hermit, as he has sometimes been called. Thoreau is one of those men who has put such a determined trust in the simple dictates of common sense, as to earn the vulgar title of "transcendentalist" from his sophisticated neighbors. He is one of the few who really thinks and acts and tries life for himself, honestly weighing and reporting thereof, and in his own way (which he cares not should be others' ways) enjoying. Of course, they find him strange, fantastical, a humorist, a theorist, a dreamer. It may be or may not. One thing is certain, that his humor has led him into a life experiment, and that into a literary report or book, that is full of information, full of wisdom, full of wholesome, bracing moral atmosphere, full of beauty, poetry and entertainment for all who have the power to relish a good book. He built himself a house in the woods by Walden pond, in Concord, where he lived alone for more than two years, thinking it false economy to eat so that life must be spent in procuring what to eat, but cultivating sober, simple, philosophic habits, and daily studying the lesson which nature and the soul of nature are perpetually teaching to the individual soul, would that but listen. Every chapter of the book is redolent of pine and hemlock. With a keen eye and love for nature, many are the rare and curious facts which he reports for us. He has become the confidant of all plants and animals, and writes the poem of their lives for us. Read that chapter upon sounds, that of the owl, the bull-frog, &c.; or that in which he commemorates the battle of the red and black ants, "red-republicans and black imperialists," which "took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive Slave Bill." Truer touches of humor and quaint, genuine, first-hand observation you will seldom find. And then his vegetable planting—read how he was "determined to know beans!" And his shrewd criticisms, from his woodland seclusion, upon his village neighbors and upon civilized life generally, in which men are slaves to their own thrift, are worthy of a philosophic, though by no means a "melancholy, Jaques." It is the most thoroughly original book that has been produced these many days. Its literary style is admirably clear and terse and elegant; the pictures wonderfully graphic; for the writer is a poet and a scholar as well as a tough wrestler with the first economical problems of nature, and a winner of good cheer and of free glorious leisure out of what men call the "hard realities" of life. Walden pond, a half mile in diameter, in Concord town, becomes henceforth as classical as any lake of Windermere. And we doubt not, men are beginning to look to transcendentalists for the soberest reports of good hard common-sense, as well as for the models of the clearest writing.

—But the glass reports the flag of our adventurers on the topmost summit of the almost inaccessible Mote mountain, and the other party are wending their way down from Kiersarge; so, for the present, *claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt*; i. e., we have prated enough, and it is time to shut off these wasteful rivers of ink.

Music at the West.

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1854.

Dear Sir:—On my return from a trip to the West, I see that a friend has transmitted to you some of my communications regarding the state of music in Milwaukee, Wis. You may be interested by some farther account of my experiences in that art-loving city.

I mentioned in those lines, the chorus of the Milwaukee Musical Society. I had the pleasure of again listening to the male portion of it, with Mr. Balatka as leader, at a fourth of July celebration which took place at a German coffee-garden, (of which Milwaukee, with its large German population, has quite a number,) not far from the city. I can honestly say, that in point of voices, as well as of execution, this "Männerchor" is the finest I have ever heard in this country. Their performance was full of zest and spirit; they sang as if they "must be singing." Of the half-dozen or more pieces with which they favored us, the one that pleased me best and touched me most was a glorious, powerful composition entitled "Das deutsche Herz," by Julius Otto. And no less beautiful than the music were the words, by the father or brother, I think, of the composer.

A few evenings later, the Quintet Club met at the house where I was visiting, one of the performers being a member of my friend's family. I had the treat of hearing Beethoven's Septuor arranged by him as a "5tet," (as he himself writes it in a manuscript letter which I have seen,) Mozart's loved Quartet in G, and the last two or three movements of Haydn's "Seven Last Words," a magnificent work, which I was not acquainted with. Think of my having to go from New York to Milwaukee to hear classical music which I did not know, and to hear it so well played. And yet all the performers were amateurs, with the exception of Mr. Balatka.

I cannot close without relating to you, in contrast to the above, something which I recently heard about *Eastern* music, and which is too good to be lost. One of our American literati, who has lately returned from extensive travels, told me that once, when in India, a native minstrel had asked permission to sing to him and his party. They readily acquiesced, delighted with the prospect of hearing some genuine Indian music. You may imagine their astonishment, when the man struck up—what think you?—"Oh Susanna!" followed by "Carry me back to old Virginny," and other airs of like description, and finally by "Marlbrough s'en va-t-en guerre!" The man had learnt these "native airs," words and all, from an English soldier, and the best was, he did not understand one word of what he was singing. The same friend also informed me that he had heard the "Old Folks at home" for the first time in China, played by an American band! How can Fry, Bristow & Co. say that American music is not appreciated!

M. A. R.

The Boston Conservatory.

MR. EDITOR:—It is not uncommon of late to see announced in the musical journals that a Conservatory of Music will be opened at a certain time and place, where instruction in every department of music will be given on reasonable terms. The meaning of this evidently is, that a teacher wants scholars, and hopes to attract them

by a little extra flourish in his advertisement. A conservatory, in the European sense of the term, certainly does not exist in America, yet we have in Boston an institution which produces very similar results, founded by our churches, on a liberal plan, in which the expenses are paid from the salaries of singers, the whole community are judges, and all competent teachers, professors. The sum annually distributed by the music committees of our churches is very large. I have heard it estimated at thirty or forty thousand dollars, and when we remember how many choirs are paid one thousand dollars, and some of them fifteen and seventeen hundred dollars, this will not be thought an overstatement. These salaries are the prizes which our conservatory offers to those possessing good voices, and who are willing to cultivate them. The number of competitors is large, and always increasing, but the standard of excellence also advances from year to year, and in order to obtain the most lucrative places not only good voices are required, but careful training by *solfeggio* exercises, such as will enable those who apply themselves, under proper direction, to be considered not only church singers, but vocalists in a wider sense. This gives employment to our teachers, the best of whom are constantly occupied, and most liberally paid. Thus our Boston Conservatory goes on quietly developing and cultivating voices, diffusing through all classes an appreciation of correct and tasteful vocalization, and placing the cultivation of music on the most reliable basis. Let us be thankful that so efficient an organization exists. Perhaps a better could not be devised than that which has grown up insensibly from the wants of our churches and the increasing musical taste of the community. *

☞ The translation of the *History of Music before Mozart* is necessarily omitted this week, as are also some extracts in type from *Gan Eden*, and *Walden*, which will appear in our next.

Musical Intelligence.

Local.

MUSICAL CONVENTION.—The annual convention of Messrs. BAKER and JOHNSON will be held at the Tremont Temple, on Wednesday next. The great organ of the Messrs. HOOK will be used, and public performances given every evening, including "Samson," and one of Mozart's Masses.

NEW ORGAN AT THE TREMONT TEMPLE.—We see it stated that the Messrs. HOOK are just finishing the new organ in the Tremont Temple Hall, in this city, which will be the largest one ever built in this country. It contains four rows of keys and seventy stops, ten of which belong to the pedal organ, fifteen to the swell, fifteen to the great organ, ten to the choir organ, six to the solo organ, and fourteen to the couplers and other mechanical contrivances. The total number of pipes will be about 3500.—*Atlas*.

THE OPERA AT CASTLE GARDEN.—The opera of *Masaniello* was given for the third time, on Saturday night. It is to be regretted that so small an auditory should have attended a representation so excellent in many respects. In view of the claims of the opera to an adequate support, let it be borne in mind that the orchestra includes the best artists in the city, of a calibre such as perform in the chief theatres of Europe. The chorus is well disciplined, loud and full, and performs without a balk from first to last. The conductor, Mr. Maretzek, is a man experienced in his business, and unremitting in his attentions. And now to come to the principal singers—the new ones. The tenor, Beraldi, we do not hesitate to pronounce the purest, freshest, youngest voice of the kind yet heard on the Italian boards of this country. He is in quality altogether superior to Roger, to whom was entrusted the chief part originally of Meyerbeer's *Prophete*, at the Grand Opera, Paris. We heard in Europe no such tenor voice as Beraldi, Mario of course excepted. The *Sleep* air was literally delicious, as rendered by him, and was encored tumultuously; so the grand heroic duet was repeated, the audience admitting

of no denial from the singers. Besides the tenor, the new baritone, Graziani, is one of the best artists ever heard in this country. Why cannot such artists be better encouraged? Our people should know when something superior is given to them, even though it be in the shape of young gifted artists who have not yet made a European reputation.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

SOLEMNITIES IN MEXICO IN MEMORY OF SONTAG.—On the 13th of July, says the New Orleans Picayune, there was performed at the church of *la Profesa*, in the city of Mexico, one of those sad and solemn ceremonies which ever make a deep impression upon all who assist at or witness them. It was the funeral celebration in honor of the memory of Mme Henrietta Sontag, the countess de Rossi.

The church was filled to overflowing with the *elite* of the city of Mexico. Among these were the *dilettante* of both sexes, devoted to art, lovers of the lyric drama, who united with great feeling in this expression of grief at the loss of the world-renowned artist.

A simple catafalque, arranged with consummate taste, was elevated in front of the high altar. It was covered with a black velvet pall, richly bordered with gold; at each corner there was a column, surmounted with a funeral urn, bearing religious and appropriate inscriptions, and in front was affixed a beautiful poetical tribute, from the pen of Signor Anselmo de la Porilla.

Above this was displayed a marble bas-relief of great merit, the work of the Roman sculptor, Pinti, who had succeeded in producing a most speaking portraiture of the illustrious cantatrice. The whole bas-relief is spoken of as being full of poetical beauty, and represented the allegorical idea of the ascension of the spirit of the deceased to the realms of eternal glory. At the four corners of the catafalque there were figures of angels as if on the point of ascending to the skies. The good taste of this monument struck all beholders, and it was surmounted with a coffin whereupon was laid a lyre, entwined with immortelles, mingled with roses and laurels.

The church was brilliantly illuminated with more than 600 candles. The daylight being excluded, the body of the building was as dark, but for the candles, as at night.

The mass for the repose of the soul of the departed was led by M. Jose Maria del Barrio, a young ecclesiastic, who holds a very high rank among the clergy of Mexico. In the organ gallery were collected a perfect multitude of artists belonging to the two operatic companies now in the city, and an excellent orchestra, directed by the Maestro, Antonio Barilli; and they executed a grand mass by Luigi Rosi, a work full of profound sentiment and religious feeling, in the most admirable manner.

The solos were sung by Signors Salvini and Badiali, both of whom acquitted themselves with great ability and taste. Marini, Bordas, Beneventano, Rovere, Specchi, and other artists, took parts in the choruses, giving, of course, great effect to the performance.

In the Mexican papers of the 5th of July, there appeared a letter addressed to the editors by Count Rossi, which we translate:

"Gentlemen: Will you permit me to use your valuable journal to perform the duty of returning my deepest thanks to all those persons who have had the goodness to visit me during the illness of my late wife, and to accompany her remains to her final rest? They have all appreciated the artist, who, on her part, has ever shown herself profoundly pleased and grateful towards Mexico and its agreeable and intelligent people. The victim of a sacrifice which the deceased imposed upon herself, as wife and mother, her loss is to me one which admits not of consolation. Nevertheless, the reflection that an entire community sympathizes with my grief, will ever cause me to preserve the most grateful recollections of the inhabitants of Mexico. I have the honor to be, &c."

"ROSSI."

Advertisements.

TAYLOR'S PIANO FORTE FOR BEGINNERS.

FIRST STEPS TO THE PIANO FORTE: being an Elementary Catechism for Beginners. By GEORGE C. TAYLOR, Teacher of the Piano Forte, Harp and Violin. Price 75 cents. Usual deduction to the trade. For sale by F. J. HUNTINGTON, 23 Park Row, New York. WM. D. SULLIVAN, Madison, Ga.

A. WERNER & L. J. HOFFNER,

—DEALERS IN—

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

NO. 265 WASHINGTON STREET,

(CORNER OF WINTER STREET.)

PIANO-FORTES, Seraphines, Melodeons, Guitars, Violins, Tenors, Violoncellos, Bases, Clarinets, Flutes, Piccolos, Fifes, Accordions, Strings, Bows, &c.

We shall keep on hand a great variety of the above named instruments, and shall endeavor to give satisfaction to all purchasers, whether they desire the best and highest priced, or the cheapest instruments. Orders by letter will be carefully attended to.

PIANOS TO LET, TUNED AND REPAIRED.

Mr. WERNER will also continue to give instruction on the Piano, Organ, Flute, Violin and Guitar. Mr. Werner can be seen at the Sales-room, or in the evening at his residence, No. 976 Washington St. May 27. 5m

MEYER & TRETBAR,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Importers of Foreign Music and Publishers,

Keep a large and well selected stock of both Foreign and American Music. By our direct and regular engagements with the principal publishing houses in Europe, we are enabled to supply

MUSIC-DEALERS WITH FOREIGN MUSIC,

on as favorable terms as any other house in the United States.

Sole Agents in the United States for the well known publishing house of G. M. MEYER, Jr. of Brunswick, Germany, (on whose publications we grant the most profitable discount,) whereof we particularly mention a fine collection of OVERTURES arranged for the Piano-Forte as Solo and Duet, the favorite works of FESCA, LITOLFF, WINKLER, &c., a complete edition of BEETHOVEN'S works for Piano-Forte, including all the TRIOS, QUATUORS, SINFONIES, &c., arranged by L. WINKLER. Also, the last compositions of LISZT, BRUNNER, SPINDLER, HENRY CRAMER, &c.

Catalogues of G. M. Meyer's publications forwarded gratis to any part of the United States, if desired, by

MEYER & TRETBAR,

304 Main St. Buffalo.

Aug 12 3m

G. ANDRÉ & CO.

FOREIGN MUSIC DEPOT,

GIRARD HOUSE BUILDINGS,

NINTH STREET, ABOVE CHESTNUT,

July 1

PHILADELPHIA.

John Bunyan Still Lives!

THE GREAT AMERICAN PICTURE.

THE ENTIRE AND INIMITABLE ALLEGORY OF

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS,

In one Picture, 24 by 39 inches, most elegantly engraved on STEEL, by Andrews, containing 250 human figures, besides all the scenes through which Christian passed, on his journey from the city of Destruction, to the Celestial City, so admirably portrayed by Bunyan. Every Christian family should have this splendid production of human genius.

TESTIMONIALS of the strongest nature, too numerous to publish, have been received by the publisher, from the most distinguished men of England and America.

JOHN P. JEWETT, Publisher.

GEORGE E. SICKELS is the ONLY AUTHORIZED AGENT for BOSTON. His rooms are at the Am. S. S. Union, No. 9, Cornhill, where he keeps the Engraving for Sale. Also—Plain and Ornamented Frames, designed expressly for it, at the lowest prices. Nov. 12.

N. D. COTTON,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

English, French, and American Stationery,

DRAWING & PAINTING MATERIALS,

No. 13 Tremont Row, Boston.

•• Wedding and Visiting Cards Engraved and Printed. 16 tr

GEMS

FROM THE GREAT MASTERS.

MENDELSSOHN.

Six Songs without Words, complete in seven books, each 75
Rondo Capriccioso, 50
The Temperaments, seven Characteristic Pieces, 1.00
The Gift, six easy pieces, 62

LISZT.

Galop Russe, 50
Reminiscences from Lucia di Lammermoor, 50
Romances de Franz Schubert, viz:—
No. 1, Eloge des larmes, 25
" 2, La Poste, 25
" 3, La Fille du Pecheur, 25

THALBERG.

Fantasia sur themes de Moïse, 1.25
L'Art du Chant applique au Piano, viz:—
No. 1, Quatuor, I Puritani de Bellini, 50
" 2, Tre Giorni, Air de Pergolesi.
" 3, Adelaide de Beethoven.
" 4, Air d'Eglise du Chanteur Stradella.
" 5, Lacrymosa tiré du Requiem de Mozart, Duo des Noces de Figaro de Mozart.
" 6, Pêcheur et Gardien de Pêche, Duo de Zelmira de Rossini.

Le Tremolo, 62
Prayer from Moses in Egypt, 1.25
Viola, Melodie, 25

CHOPIN.

Grand Valse Brillante, 50
March Funebre, Piano Duet, 37
Tarentelle, 50

HENSELT.

Chanson de Printemps, (Song of Spring), 50
La Gondola, Etude, 25

DOHLER.

Derniere Pensée Musicale de Bellini, 75
Eclair d'Amore, Fantasia, 50
I Puritani, Fantasia, 62
Nocturne, 37
Trot des Chevaliers Gardes March, 25

Published by

Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington St.

JOB PRINTING.

In all its various branches,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED,
BY EDWARD L. BALCH,
Office Journal of Music, No. 21 School St.

The MEDAL AND DIPLOMA awarded him by the Mass. Charitable Mechanic Association for superior workmanship, may be seen at his office.

☞ MUSIC prepared for Stereotyping.

**NOW READY,
THE GREAT WORK OF THE YEAR,
MOORE'S
COMPLETE ENCYCLOPEDIA
—OF—
MUSIC.**

A work which has cost the indefatigable compiler fifteen years of arduous labor, assisted by some of the most distinguished celebrities in the musical world. This splendid work, so indispensable not only to the professional musician, but to every amateur, is comprised in one elegant royal octavo volume, of 1004 pages, double columns, and contains the Biographies of upwards of

4000 MUSICIANS!

Comprising the most distinguished Composers and Performers who have ever lived.

**A Complete Dictionary of over
5000 MUSICAL TERMS,**

With full definitions. A Complete History of the

SCIENCE OF MUSIC,

From the earliest times to the present.... A full description of

All Known Musical Instruments,

With the dates of their invention, and their Scales. Treatises on HARMONY and THOROUGH BASS, &c. &c.

**A Book intended to cover the whole
of Musical Science.**

**JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.
PUBLISHERS,
BOSTON.**
July 29

**E. R. BLANCHARD,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND ORGAN.**

☞ TERMS MODERATE.
Residence, 24 West Cedar Street.
Reference, Geo. J. Webb, Esq. May 20.

**Signor AUGUSTO BENDELARI,
(FROM NAPLES.)
TEACHER OF SINGING.**
Residence, Winthrop House, Boston.
May 13

**L. H. SOUTHARD,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,**
265 Washington Street, Boston.
Oct. 16.

Germania Serenade Band.
THE SERVICES OF THIS ASSOCIATION can be secured
by applying to H. E. TELTOW, Agent,
1144 tf 30 Fayette Street.

**CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
PATENT ACTION
GRAND AND SQUARE
PIANO-FORTES,
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.**

**WAREROOMS,
MASONIC TEMPLE,
TREMONT STREET,
BOSTON.**
Apr 29

—Edward L. Balch,

MUSICAL EXCHANGE.

**WE ARE NOW READY TO SELL
Foreign Music,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
ON FAR BETTER TERMS THAN ANY
OTHER HOUSE IN THE UNITED STATES.**

Having fully completed our arrangements both at home and abroad, we are now enabled to offer advantages superior to those of any other house in the trade. By recent engagements with the principal publishing houses in Germany, France, England and America, we shall receive all new Music as soon as published.... Our stock embraces the standard works of all European composers, being the largest collection of Foreign Music ever presented to the American public. Besides, we shall keep constantly on hand all

AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS,

Together with

Piano-Fortes, Organs, Melodeons,

Music-Boxes, Metronomes,

Portraits & Busts of Distinguished Musicians, &c.

Our dealings with other houses, both in Europe and America, are such, that we are enabled to sell, at wholesale and retail, on the most favorable terms.

Our own Publications are of the first order, and no piece will be issued from our house that does not possess decided musical merit. Having personally devoted many years to the study of Music, both in Europe and in this country, we enjoy peculiar advantages over those publishers who are not musicians.

☞ **TO COMPOSERS.**

All compositions accepted for publication we pay for, and we feel confident that our terms will be satisfactory. Our object is to encourage native talent.

The Modern School for the Piano-Forte

Is published by us, and is fast taking the place of every other work, as an Instruction Book for the Piano.

Our Catalogue of Foreign Music, together with a List of our own Publications will be forwarded (gratis) to any address, if desired.

**MUSICAL EXCHANGE,
282 Washington Street, Boston,
NATHAN RICHARDSON,
PROPRIETOR.**

**G. A. SCHMITT,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
May be addressed at Mr. O. DITSON'S, 115 Washington St.,
or Mr. N. RICHARDSON'S, 282 Washington St.**

REFERENCES.
John S. Dwight, Esq. Mrs. Farnham,
O. Ditson, Esq. 6 Copeland St. Roxbury.
N. Richardson, Esq. Epes Sargent, Esq.
A. Berry, Esq. 28 Pearl St. Rev Mr. Huntington.
J. A. Hanson, Esq. 6 Bath St. Hon. J. J. Clarke, 27 State St.
H. Crocker, Esq. 6 Shawmut av. July 1

A SOPRANO SINGER.—A Young Lady desires a place as Soprano in a Quartet Choir in one of the churches in this city. A rare opportunity may be heard of by inquiring at this office. July 22.

**GEORGE J. WEBB & CO'S
PIANO-FORTE WAREROOMS:
Chambers, No. 3 Winter Street, Boston.**

**AT this Establishment may be found an elegant and extensive assortment of
PIANO-FORTES.**

at all prices, warranted equal to any in the American market, in the essential properties of Tone, Touch, Power, Durability, Style, and Finish. None others will be kept.

Also, an assortment of

MELODEONS AND GUITARS.

Mr. Webb's long experience in the profession of Music, enables us to assure those persons residing at a distance, who may find it inconvenient to visit Boston for the purpose of selecting an instrument, that they shall be as well served by letter, (naming the price of the instrument desired,) as by personal examination; and those who may favor us with their orders, can implicitly rely upon the exercise of Mr. Webb's best judgment in their favor. Any instrument ordered can be exchanged if it does not suit.

☞ **SOLD AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.**

....AGENTS FOR....
Lighte, Newton & Bradbury's Pianos, New York.
Hallet, Davis & Co.'s do. Boston.
Goodman & Baldwin's Melodeons.
Feb 13 6m

Letter-Press, Music and Job Printing-Office,

**ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
No. 30 ASH STREET, BOSTON.**

☞ Communications may be left at Mr. Ditson's music store,
No. 115 Washington Street. June 10.

MUSICAL NOTICE.

T. BRICHER. Teacher of the Organ, Piano-Forte and Singing, having closed his connection as Organist of the Bowdoin Square Church, has removed to No. 7½ Tremont Row, where he will be happy to receive applications for his services as Organist and Teacher of Music. je 24

**HEWS' PATENT
AMERICAN ACTION PIANO-FORTE.**

THIS MANUFACTURER is in possession of numerous testimonials from distinguished Musical Professors, who have used the greatly improved ACTION PIANO, commending it in high terms. The attention of purchasers and amateurs of Music to an examination of its superiority, is solicited.
GEO. HEWS, 365 Washington St., Boston.

Apr. 10.

tf

**D. B. NEWHALL,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
PIANO FORTES,
No. 344 Washington Street, Boston.
PIANO FORTES REPAIRED, TUNED, & TO LET.**
Apr. 10.

**MANUEL FENOLLOSA,
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.
MUSIC-ROOM, No. 17 GRAY'S BLOCK, corner of Washington
and Summer Streets.**

References.

Messrs. CHICKERING, J. P. JEWETT, GEO. PUNCHARD, Boston.
Messrs. GEORGE PEABODY, B. H. SILSBEE, Salem.
Jan. 21. 3m.

**CARL HAUSE,
PIANIST AND TEACHER OF MUSIC,
OFFERS his services as an Instructor in the higher branches
of Piano playing. Mr. H. may be addressed at the music
stores of NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. or G. F.
REED & Co 17 Tremont Row.**

REFERENCES:—Mrs. C. W. Loring, 33 Mt. Vernon St.
Miss K. E. Prince, Salem.
Miss Nichols, 20 South St.
Miss May, 5 Franklin Place. Feb. 15.

**PIANOS! PIANOS! PIANOS!
BARGAINS IN PIANOS.**

The subscribers have in store new German Rosewood 6½ octave Pianos, at \$260. Warranted fully equal to the Boston and New York pianos, and one hundred dollars cheaper.

G. P. REED & Co.
July 8. 13 Tremont St., opposite the Museum.

**Mlle. GABRIELLE DE LA MOTTE
GIVES
INSTRUCTION ON THE PIANO,
AND MAY BE ADDRESSED AT
Feb. 4 3m 55 HANCOCK STREET.**

Mr. OTTO DRESEL
Will return to Boston by the first of October, when he will be prepared to receive pupils on the piano-forte.
Address meanwhile at this office.

**J. B. WHEATON,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.**
Apply at the Music Stores of Nathan Richardson, or Theo. T. Barker. 3 mos. Dec 3.

**MRS. ROSA GARCIA DE RIBAS,
TEACHER OF THE
PIANOFORTE, SINGING & GUITAR,
2 Seneca St., corner Harrison Avenue.**

MR. De RIBAS will give instruction on the Obœ and Flute. Also MUSIC ARRANGED, TRANSPOSED, &c.
Boston, April 23. 3m

**J. TRENKLE,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO-FORTE.**
Residence No. 56 Kneeland Street.
Oct. 8. 3m

**A. W. FRENZEL,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
No. 6 Acorn St., (between Chestnut and Mt. Vernon Sts.)
Apr 8 BOSTON.
No. 21 School St.**

